



*A selection of passages of Jules Verne's*  
*'VINGT MILLES LIEUES SOUS LES MERS'.*

translated by F.P. Walter anno eighthundred seventy three  
accomodated for the musical narrative conducted by the

*I COULD FLOAT HERE FOREVER*

-- collaborative art triad, and her collaborators,  
anno two thousand and fifteen.





## *A NOTE TO READERS AND LISTENERS...*

The following series of texts have been slightly altered specifically to suit the musical narrative presented by ICFHF. As such, they should not be regarded as the definitive, original works. For the full experience, go ahead and download the full '20000 Leagues Under The Sea' literature, as it is in the public domain, and is free of charge.

## *SPECIAL THANKS TO*

Rick Hutjens, for being an awesome dude and for old time's sake.  
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Our friends, families and loved ones, for believing in our ridiculous, often impossible personalities.





For some time past vessels had been met by "an enormous thing," a long object, spindle-shaped, occasionally phosphorescent, and infinitely larger and more rapid in its movements than a whale

[...] Upon this imaginary creature rested the responsibility of all these shipwrecks, which unfortunately were considerable; for of three thousand ships whose loss was annually recorded at Lloyd's, the number of sailing and steam-ships supposed to be totally lost, from the absence of all news, amounted to not less than two hundred!

Now, it was the "monster" who, justly or unjustly, was accused of their disappearance. The public demanded sharply that the seas should at any price be relieved from this formidable, cetacean [1].

[1] member of the whale family







In New York they made preparations for an expedition destined to pursue this narwhal. A frigate of great speed, the Abraham Lincoln, was put in commission as soon as possible.

-- the famous narwhal. We are going to purge it from the seas. A glorious mission, but a dangerous one! We cannot tell where we may go; these animals can be very capricious. But we will go whether or no

The Abraham Lincoln had been well chosen and equipped for her new destination. She attained the mean speed of nearly eighteen knots and a third an hour -- a considerable speed, but, nevertheless, insufficient to grapple with this gigantic cetacean.

Captain Farragut had carefully provided his ship with every apparatus for catching the gigantic cetacean. No whaler had ever been better armed. We possessed every known engine, from the harpoon thrown by the hand to the barbed arrows of the blunderbuss. On the question of the monster there was no doubt in his mind, the monster did exist, and he had sworn to rid the seas of it. Either Captain Farragut would kill the narwhal, or the narwhal would kill the captain. There was no third course.







## APHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT

For three months, during which a day seemed an age, the Abraham Lincoln furrowed all the waters of the Northern Pacific. This useless search could not last much longer. There remained nothing but to return.

In the midst of general silence a voice had been heard "Look out there! The very thing we are looking for!"

At two cables' length from the Abraham Lincoln, on the starboard quarter, the sea seemed to be illuminated all over. An intense but mysterious light mentioned in the report of several captains. This magnificent irradiation must have been produced by an agent of great shining power. The luminous part traced on the sea an immense oval.

The animal gained on us, sporting with the waves. It made the round of the frigate, and enveloped it with its electric rings like luminous dust.

The electric light went out suddenly, and two enormous waterspouts broke over the bridge of the frigate, overthrowing men, and breaking the lashings of the spars. A fearful shock followed, and, thrown over the rail without having time to stop myself, I fell into the sea.





# AN UNKNOWN SPECIES OF WHALE

The darkness was intense. I caught a glimpse of a black mass disappearing in the east, its beacon lights dying out in the distance. It was the frigate! I was lost.

a long blackish body emerged a yard above the waves. Its tail, violently agitated, produced a considerable surge. One heard distinctly the loud strokes of the animal's tail, and even its panting breath. It seemed that, at the moment that the enormous narwhal had come to take breath at the surface of the water, the air was engulfed in its lungs, like the steam in the vast cylinders of a machine of two thousand horse-power.







## ABOARD THE NAUTILUS

[...] At this moment a hard body struck me. I clung to it: I wriggled myself quickly to the top of the being, or object, half out of the water, which served us for a refuge. I kicked it. It was evidently a hard, impenetrable body, and not the soft substance that forms the bodies of the great marine mammalia! This monster, this natural phenomenon that had puzzled the learned world, was a simply human construction.

Suddenly a noise came from the interior of the boat. One iron plate was moved, a man appeared, uttered an odd cry, and disappeared immediately. Eight strong men, with masked faces, appeared noiselessly, and drew us down into their formidable machine. Hardly had the narrow panel closed upon me, when I was enveloped in darkness. My eyes, dazzled with the outer light, could distinguish nothing.

The dense darkness suddenly gave way to extreme light. Our prison became filled with a luminous matter, so strong that I could not bear it at first. In its whiteness and intensity I recognised that electric light which played round the boat like a magnificent phenomenon of phosphorescence. After shutting my eyes involuntarily, I opened them, and saw that this luminous agent came from a half globe, unpolished, placed in the roof of the cabin.





# MAN OF THE SEA



[...] A door opened, and a man entered our prison. I made out his prevailing qualities directly: self-confidence--because his head was well set on his shoulders, and his black eyes looked around with cold assurance; calmness--for his skin, rather pale, showed his coolness of blood; energy--evinced by the rapid contraction of his lofty brows; and courage--because his deep breathing denoted great power of lungs. "Gentlemen, will you be so good as to listen to me?"

"Most annoying circumstances have brought you into the presence of a man who has broken all the ties of humanity. You have come to trouble my existence.", he continued. "I have hesitated," said he, "but I have thought that my interest might be reconciled with that pity to which every human being has a right. You will remain on board my vessel, since fate has cast you there. You will be free; and, in exchange for this liberty, I shall only impose one single condition. It is possible that certain events, unforeseen, may oblige me to consign you to your cabins for some hours or some days, as the case may be. You and your companions will not, perhaps, have so much to complain of in the chance which has bound you to my fate. You will not regret the time passed on board my vessel. You are going to visit the land of marvels."







## THE BLACK RIVER NEAR NIHON

[...] "Sir," said Captain Nemo, "we will, if you please, take our bearings and fix the starting-point of this voyage."

The Captain pressed an electric clock three times. The pumps began to drive the water from the tanks; the needle of the manometer marked by a different pressure the ascent of the Nautilus, then it stopped.

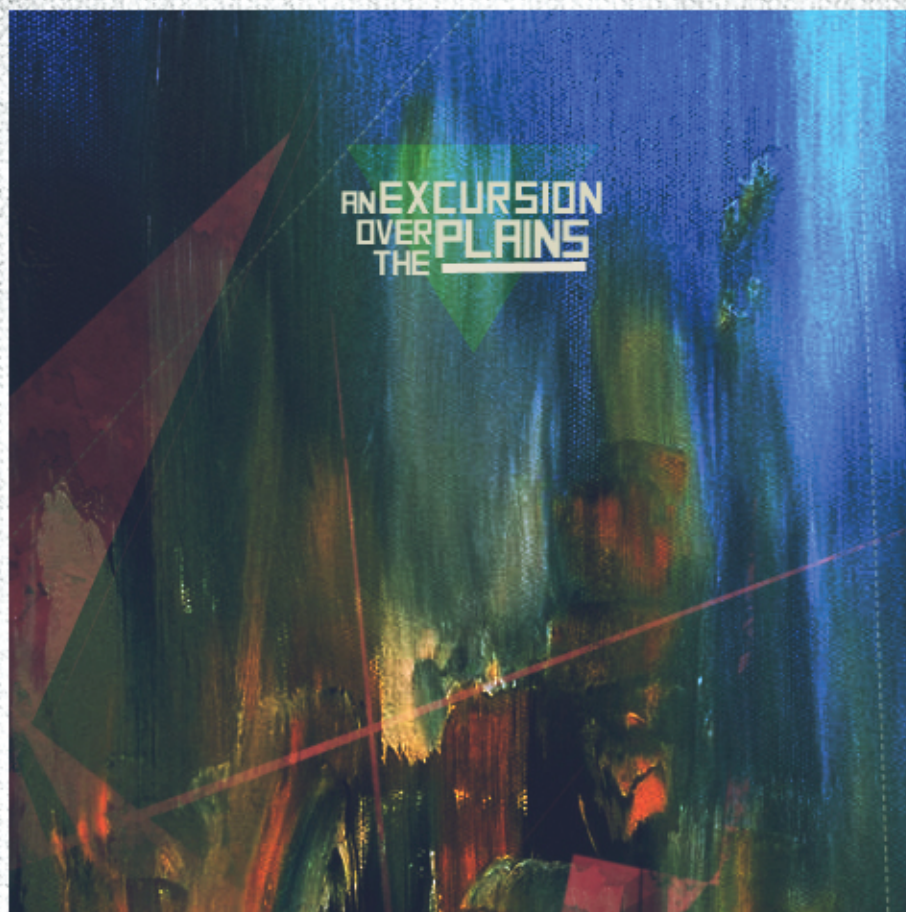
"We have arrived," said the Captain.

I went to the central staircase which opened on to the platform, clambered up the iron steps, and found myself on the upper part of the Nautilus.

I cast a last look upon the sea, slightly yellowed by the Japanese coast. The sea was beautiful, the sky pure. A light breeze from the east rippled the surface of the waters. Nothing was in sight. Not a quicksand, not an island. A vast desert. The sea was distinctly visible for a mile all round the Nautilus. What a spectacle! What pen can describe it? Who could paint the effects of the light through those transparent sheets of water, and the softness of the successive gradations from the lower to the superior strata of the ocean?







## AN EXCURSION OVER THE PLAINS

[...] At the Captain's call two of the ship's crew came to help us dress in impervious clothes, constructed expressly to resist considerable pressure. A door cut in the side of the Nautilus then opened. We saw a faint light. In another instant our feet trod the bottom of the sea.

The light, which lit the soil thirty feet below the surface of the ocean, astonished me by its power. The solar rays shone through the watery mass easily, and dissipated all colour, and I clearly distinguished objects at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards. Beyond that the tints darkened into fine gradations of ultramarine, and faded into vague obscurity. For a quarter of an hour I trod on this sand, sown with the impalpable dust of shells. Soon forms of objects outlined in the distance were discernible. I recognised magnificent rocks, hung with a tapestry of zoophytes of the most beautiful kind. It was marvellous, a feast for the eyes, a perfect kaleidoscope of many colours. Various kinds of isis, clusters of pure tuft-coral, prickly fungi, and anemones formed a brilliant garden of flowers, decked with their collarettes of blue tentacles, sea-stars studding the sandy bottom. We went on, whilst above our heads waved medusae whose umbrellas of opal sheltered us from the rays of the sun

... At last, after about four hours, this marvellous excursion came to an end. A wall of superb rocks, in an imposing mass, rose before us, a heap of gigantic blocks, an enormous, steep granite shore

Captain Nemo stopped suddenly. A gesture of his brought us all to a halt; and, however desirous I might be to scale the wall, I was obliged to stop. Here ended Captain Nemo's domains. And he would not go beyond them. Further on was a portion of the globe he might not trample upon.

[...] I had remained some steps behind, when I presently saw Captain Nemo coming hurriedly towards me. With his strong hand he bent me to the ground. I was stretched on the ground, when, raising my head, my blood froze in my veins as I recognised two formidable sharks which threatened us. terrible creatures, with enormous tails and a dull glassy stare. I noticed their silver bellies, and their huge mouths bristling with teeth. Happily the voracious creatures do not see well. They passed without seeing us, brushing us with their brownish fins, and we escaped by a miracle from a danger certainly greater than meeting a tiger full-face in the forest.







[...] To my great surprise, Captain Nemo gave me the permission to put us on land, if only so as not to lose the habit of treading on the solid parts of our planet. At eight o'clock, armed with guns and hatchets, we got off the Nautilus. The sea was pretty calm; a slight breeze blew on land. the Nautilus boat ran softly aground on a heavy sand, after having happily passed the coral reef that surrounded the island. The whole horizon was hidden behind a beautiful curtain of forests. Enormous trees, the trunks of which attained a height of 200 feet, Chance rewarded our search for eatable vegetables, and furnished us with precious food that we missed on board.

[...] Just then a stone fell at our feet. It was indeed necessary to beat a retreat, for about twenty natives armed with bows and slings appeared. We had not gone two cable-lengths, when a hundred savages, howling and gesticulating, entered the water up to their waists. Twenty minutes later we were on board. Cries of rage and fearful vociferations resounded outside, but the first native who placed his hand on the stair-rail fled, making the wildest contortions. Ten of his companions followed him. They met with the same fate. It was no rail; but a metallic cable charged with electricity from the deck. Whoever touched it felt a powerful shock-- the exasperated Papuans retreated, paralysed with terror.







**VANIKORO**

[...] During the days and weeks that passed, Captain Nemo was very sparing of his visits. I seldom saw him. Nearly every day the panels of the drawing-room were opened, and we were never tired of observing the mysteries of the submarine world.

One day we were close to a vessel of which the tattered shrouds still hung from their chains. Three stumps, broken off about two feet above the bridge, showed that the vessel had had to sacrifice its masts. This skeleton of what it had once been was a sad spectacle as it lay lost under the waves, but sadder still was the sight of the bridge, where some corpses, bound with ropes, were still lying. The steersman alone, calm, with a grave, clear face, his grey hair glued to his forehead, and his hand clutching the wheel of the helm, seemed even then to be guiding the three broken masts through the depths of the ocean. This terrible spectacle was the forerunner of the series of maritime catastrophes that the Nautilus was destined to meet with in its route. We often saw the hulls of shipwrecked vessels that were rotting in the depths, and deeper down cannons, bullets, anchors, chains, and a thousand other iron materials eaten up by rust. "Ah! it is a fine death for a sailor!" said Captain Nemo, at last. "A coral tomb makes a quiet grave; and I trust that I and my comrades will find no other."







[...] "Are you a doctor, M. Aronnax?" asked Captain Nemo, conducting me to the back of the Nautilus, and took me into a cabin situated near the sailors' quarters. There, on a bed, lay a man about forty years of age. He was not only ill, he was wounded to the head. I undid his bandages, and the wounded man looked at me with his large eyes and gave no sign of pain as I did it. It was a horrible wound. The skull, shattered by some deadly weapon, left the brain exposed, which was much injured. Clots of blood had formed in the bruised and broken mass, in colour like the dregs of wine. "He will be dead in two hours." Captain Nemo's hand contracted, and some tears glistened in his eyes, which I thought incapable of shedding any. "Our peaceful cemetery is some hundred feet below the surface of the waves," he said,

The next day, accompanied by Captain Nemo, who was followed by a dozen of the crew, we set foot, at a depth of about thirty feet, on the solid bottom on which the Nautilus rested. Here, there was no fine sand, no submarine prairies, no sea-forest. The light produced a thousand charming varieties, playing in the midst of the branches that were so vividly coloured. I seemed to see the membranous and cylindrical tubes tremble beneath the undulation of the waters. Real petrified thickets, long joints of fantastic architecture, were disclosed before us.

It was an immense forest of large mineral vegetations, enormous petrified trees, united by garlands of elegant sea-bindweed, all adorned with clouds and reflections. We passed freely under their high branches, lost in the shade of the waves. In the midst of the glade, on a pedestal of rocks roughly piled up, stood a cross of coral that extended its long arms that one might have thought were made of petrified blood. Upon a sign from Captain Nemo one of the men advanced; and at some feet from the cross he began to dig a hole with a pickaxe that he took from his belt. I understood all! This glade was a cemetery, this hole a tomb. The bearers approached; the body, enveloped in a tissue of white linen, was lowered into the damp grave. Captain Nemo, with his arms crossed on his breast, and all the friends of him who had loved them, knelt in prayer

The funeral procession returned to the Nautilus, passing under the arches of the forest, in the midst of thickets, along the coral bushes, and still on the ascent. At last the light of the ship appeared, and its luminous track guided us to the Nautilus.

"And he rests now, near his companions, forgotten by all else, but not by us," Captain Nemo finally said.